

sing, lighted the gas. After considerable talk and general chaffing, Heiskill proposed that the big table be cleared, and that they should go to work.

"You're professor, to-night, Seymour, you know, and try not to ask any questions you can't answer yourself."

"Then let him stick to the spinal column said little Myles. "I don't want him asking me to articulate a humerus and a fibula again."

"Oh, you needn't bother about who's to be demonstrator!" said Cyrus. "We can't do any anatomy to-night. The skeleton's gone!"

In order that the foregoing conversation may be understood, it may be well to state that these young men had clubbed together to buy an articulated skeleton, upon which they rubbed up their anatomical knowledge each of the party acting in turn for an evening as "professor," and asking questions of the others. This skeleton was kept in a long yellow packing-trunk, and the hackman had taken it off with Miss Birch to the hotel. There was no reason why he should not have taken it, for it was near the door, and was indeed the only trunk visible upon first entering. Cyrus was so full of Miss Birch and the bothersome landlady that he did not notice the mistake.

Of course, with three such eager and amazed inquirers as to the whereabouts of their common property, there was nothing to be done but to tell, under promises of strict secrecy, the whole story. It was received with unbounded applause, and the joke was considered far more enjoyable than any studying of anatomy could possibly prove. When the laughter had somewhat subsided Heiskill asked Cyrus what he intended to do.

"Why, I'll have to go round in the morning and explain that the wrong trunk was taken—of course I shan't tell her what is in it—, and then I shall have to get that Bill again to drive her and it to the Baltimore depot, and instead of leaving the trunk, he must bring it back here. I hate the plan, for it not only gives trouble, but makes a lot of trickery about the young lady that I don't like.—And I was going to send down my books so nicely! Confound that man!"

"Do you think she'll open it in her room?" said little Myles.

"Of course not, you blockhead," snapped Cyrus. "She hasn't the key, and besides, do you suppose she would open my trunk if she had?"

The most astonishing surmises now ensued as to what would happen if so-and-so should be so-and-so, and when no possible combination of unfortunate circumstances could be added to what had been already laughed over, they descended to puns. Some good and some very bad ones were made, and poor little Myles, after cudgeling his brains for the whole period of punning time, finished the performance by wishing to goodness that the man had been named "Cohen," when he was alive, so that something might be said about a "truncated cone." Nothing was bad enough to follow this, and so they got out the cards.

The next morning Cyrus dressed himself in his best, and actually went to his washerwoman's house to get his white vest, if by chance it was done. It was about half past ten when he reached the hotel, and the clerk told him that Miss Birch had gone.

"Gone!" cried Cyrus. "Where could she have gone so soon?"

The clerk looked very hard at him, and replied, "How do I know where she went?"

However, after Cyrus had explained how he had intended calling on this young lady before she left for Baltimore, thus proving that he was properly aware of her destination, the clerk informed him that she had left, in company with an elderly gentleman, in time to catch the ten o'clock train. Cyrus went home in a state of utter bewilderment. When he reached his room he found there was a note—a note from Fanny, the first he had ever received:

"DEAR MR. DURHAM.—The telegram reached uncle last night, and instead of sending me the money he came himself early this morning. I wanted to wait until you called and thank you for your kindness and your trunk (which I will take good care of); but uncle thought I had better take the ten o'clock train, because that was the only train, until afternoon, which connected with the cars for Martinville, and he thought the family would be worried if I didn't get home until after my trunks arrived by express. He says he will leave this and stop and thank you himself.

"Yours truly, F. B."

On inquiry, Cyrus found that the note had been left by a gentleman just before he came in, who asked for him, but couldn't wait.

Now what was to be done? Nothing,

Cyrus thought, but to write to his father, tell him the story, and get him to send over to Mr. Birch's for the trunk, and return it to Philadelphia by express. This course having been concluded upon, Cyrus wrote and mailed the letter to his father.

The rest of the day would probably have been spent by Cyrus in the enjoyment of Fanny's letter and his recollections of her visit, had not his friends called upon him to know if he had got back old "Cohen"—for so they had baptized the "truncated" one, since little Myles' pun.—When they heard the rest of the story they were wild with delight, and the osseous jokes that were made were worthy of the inmates of a mad-house.

"It's such a mean old trunk," said little Myles. "Nothing but a thin packing-box any way, and I don't believe I locked it last time. I'll bet any man ten dollars that old Cohen's out before this time."

"They'll open it on the cars when they hear it rattle," said Seymour. "You know people can only take wearing apparel, and a skeleton is not wearing apparel—at least that one is not wearing any."

"If they think its freight, and take it out, it will result in *fright*," suggested Myles; and then, as usual, the uproar stopped the joking.

The next morning, about nine o'clock, just as Cyrus eat his breakfast, got on credit from the grocery store where he dealt—, he received a telegram. It was from Mr. Birch, and contained these words:

"You are wanted here. Come immediately."

Cyrus clutched his hair, stamped his foot, clapped on his hat, locked his door, rushed round to Heiskill's, forced from him four dollars and some seventy cents—all he had—and reached the Baltimore depot in time for the ten o'clock train.—What his feelings, his fears, or his hopes were during the journey is not to be put on paper. At two o'clock he had reached Baltimore. By half-past he was on his way in the Martinville train to his destination. Reaching the village, he had no money or desire to hire a carriage, and so started out to walk as rapidly as possible, the two miles and a half that lay between him and Mr. Birch's house.

Arriving there, hot and flustered, he walked through the open door, and hearing voices in the dining-room, walked quickly in, and found a coroner's jury sitting upon the remains of the unfortunate Cohen!

We will now relate the circumstances which led to this inquest. The trunk had been taken to the hotel for safety, and Fanny, with her borrowed baggage at the foot of her bed, had slept the sweet sleep of an innocent maiden, without being troubled by the ghost of her quiet roommate. Everything had gone on admirably, and she arrived at Martinville in good season, where her father was waiting for her in a buggy. He was surprised that she brought another trunk, for her baggage had arrived early that morning; but she explained the matter, much to his merriment, and he ordered the station-master—who was also express agent and several other things—to send the trunk after them in a wagon. This the man promised to do; but having taken two trunks up there that morning, and expecting no more jobs for that day, his wagon was undergoing some repairs at the blacksmith's, and so he could not promise to send it much before nightfall. However, in an hour or two, along came Silas Hoopes, a peripatetic green-grocer and general vender, who for half the ordinary fee offered to take the trunk to Mr. Birch's. He was going that way, and was always glad of an excuse to stop anywhere on his route, even if it was not at the house of a customer.

On the road Silas examined the trunk. "Well, I reckon," said he, "I never saw such a common old trunk go to the Birches' afore this day. Shouldn't wonder if Miss Fanny'd been a-buying c'rosities up to Philly. It's light, too.—Yes, that's so; I thought it rattled when I put it in; I don't doubt its shells, or a sewin' machine. 'Tain't locked neither—only strapped. They might as well a locked it, for here's a hasp and all. I don't expect it's much, any how, or it 'ud 'a been locked."

A slow drive of a quarter of a mile now followed. "O' course, there's no harm just lookin' in, when it ain't locked nor nuthin.—Everybody has looked, I'll bet."

Just a little ahead was a turn in the road, and a large tree at the corner with a nice bit of smooth grass under it. It was just the place for Silas' horse to rest and cool off a little; and so the old man

drew up there. Then he whistled a little and looked about him carelessly. Then he stood up and looked around carefully. Then he unstrapped the trunk. Then he whistled a few bars more, and raised the lid.

On the other side of a pretty thick hedge of cedar-trees and blackberry bushes was 'Squire Curtis with his gun. He had been watching for a shot, but when he saw Silas stop and stand up to view the country, he watched Silas. He had long suspected the old chap, and what was he going to do now? "Oh ho! open a trunk, eh! and not his either, or he'd waited till he'd got home!"

So softly through the hedge came 'Squire Curtis, and the first instant Silas opened the trunk the 'Squire had him by the collar.

The yell which Silas gave when Mr. Cohen languidly stuck up his two attenuated legs, which had been tightly doubled up in the trunk, was only equaled by the shout from 'Squire Curtis. The horse started; Silas fell backward out of the wagon; the 'Squire stood like a man of marble; and away went the wagon, with Cohen's legs dangling carelessly over the end of the trunk.

"Whose is that?" said the 'Squire, when his voice came to him.

"Mr-r-r—Birch's" chattered poor old Silas.

"That's a lie," said the 'Squire. "He's not dead, I know. What have you been doing?"

Silas then explained that he knew nothing but that the trunk was to go to Mr. Birch's; and who the "corpse" was, bless his soul and body, he knew nothing about it, but it might go to—any place, before he would touch it; and upon this he was for cutting across the fields to his home. But the 'Squire seized him, and forced him to hurry on after the horse and wagon. They came up with it just as it reached Mr. Birch's gate; and as Silas would not go near the wagon, the 'Squire had to seize the horse's head and turn him into the yard.

It is useless to endeavor to describe the scene which took place in the happy family of Mr. Birch. Shrieks, fainting-fits, shouts to take it away, and a general scene of horror and confusion which had never been known in that part of the county, was succeeded by the exodus, on foot, or in some one's arms, of all the women, and a council of the men. Silas told his story, not omitting in his fright, his sin of curiosity. Mr. Birch went up stairs to question Fanny, and only discovered that she knew nothing, and that it must have got changed on the cars; and "Oh! please never mention it again!—Oh dear! Oh dear!"

It was finally concluded to put the remains of "murdered man" in the stable for the night; and the 'Squire, who was the coroner for the county, declared his intention of summoning a jury in the morning. That night, however, Mr. Birch, who thought that Mr. Durham might be able to explain this—though how he knew not—, sent the telegram.

When Cyrus came before the jury and told the history of the skeleton, showed how all its joints and separate and individual bones were neatly joined and articulated by means of wires, and pulled from his pocket the bill and receipt of the skillful artificer who had prepared the specimen, the jury found a verdict "Died of some cause unknown."

Cyrus then repacked Mr. Cohen, and sent him by one of Mr. Birch's men to the station, to await orders; taking care this time to lock the trunk.

Mr. Durham did not go over to his father's house right away, but staid to supper. Fanny was still very nervous, and he walked out into the garden with her to explain it all fully; and he explained it all to such an extent that she agreed, before the conversation closed, that when she traveled in the future it should be with him, and they both should have the same trunks.

A Close Witness.

At a recent inquiry before a parliamentary committee, the following scene took place: *Counsel for the bill to witness*—Well, you called on Mr. Roberts; and what did he say? *Counsel opposed to the bill*—I object to the question; it is not evidence. (Counsel then argue the point for thirty minutes.) *Chairman of Committee*—The room must be cleared until we decide this matter. (Room is cleared; the question, after being discussed for forty minutes, is allowed, and parties are again called.) *Counsel for the bill to witness*—Now then, sir, be careful. You called on Mr. Roberts; what did he say? *Witness*—He wasn't at home sir, so I didn't see him.

Poetical Selections.

Published by Request.

A WISH.

WHERE is the robin, and where is his mate?
And why don't they come and build?
The snow is still here, and the spring is so late
That the flowers all will be chilled.—
If winter could hear the birds singing, I know
He'd quickly bid farewell, and go.

Under the snow there are dandelions hid,
Just waiting to open their eyes;
And crocuses, daisies and hyacinths too;
And violets with hue like the skies;
Then come little songsters, and bring us good cheer,
And Spring, the fair maiden, soon will appear.

Under the snow there are meadows of grain,
And beds of the loveliest moss;
O, I long for a walk down some shady lane,
Or a row, the old river across,
And I'm only waiting for birds and bees,
And a coat of green on the forest trees.

Then, come, wren and blue-bird, robin and dove,
And build in the orchard your nests,—
While weaving, and singing a song of your love
To the one whom your heart loves the best;
Spring hearing your music, will come, bringing
flowers,

And garland with beauty, our gardens and bowers.

M. E. MOYER.

Answer to puzzle in last week's paper—
MADAGASCAR.

How Michael Cured His Pig.

MR. MICHAEL Fagan is a very worthy representative from "Green Erin," residing in a small village, near Boston.—Michael is an industrious man, and strives hard to turn an honest penny whenever and however there may be the slightest prospect of profit.

Michael has a little patch of ground behind his house, where he supports a few ducks and chickens; and the freshest eggs in the neighborhood can always be found on his premises; for he never allows himself to be possessed of more than a single dozen at a time.

In addition to his stock of poultry, Michael purchased, this summer, a young pig; which, after four months petting and nursing, he prided himself upon exhibiting to his friends and acquaintances, as the "swatest crathur in the world." But Michael's pig took sick, last week, and from his coughing and sneezing symptoms, it was certainly evident he had contracted a bad cold.

Close by the residence of this honest Hibernian there dwells the village physician—a kind hearted man and very skillful—whose practice is none of the largest. As he came from his house, a few mornings since, Michael stood at his gate, ruminating upon the chances in favor of his favorite young porker; and, observing the doctor, hailed him:

"The top o' the mornin' to ye, docthur!"

"Ah! Michael, how are you?"

"It's very well I am myself, docthur; but perhaps ye'll be tellin' a poor man wot he'll be doin' for the pig, sure?"

"Pig!" exclaimed the doctor, with a smile. "What pig? and what's the matter with him?"

"Sure he's very bad, indade, so he is. A cowl, docthur. Snaizin' and barkin' the head off him a'most, and I'd like to know what I'll be doin' wuth him?"

"Well, really, Michael, I can't say.—I'm not a pig doctor at any rate!"

"It's meself' as could say that sure.—But s'p'osin' it were a baby instead—the sweet crathur—wot wud I be doin' wuth him for the cold he has?"

"Well," continued the doctor, considerably, "if it were a child, Michael, perhaps I should recommend a mustard poultice for his back, and that his feet be placed in hot water."

"It's much obliged to you, docthur, I am," responded Mike, as the physician passed along; and he entered his domicile.

"Biddy," he added addressing his good woman, "we'll cure the pig, so we will."

And in a little while the snaizing porker was enveloped in a strong mustard poultice, from his ears to his tail! Notwithstanding his struggles, and his sneezing and torture from the action of the unyielding plaster a tub of almost boiling water was prepared and into it poor piggy was soured above his knees. The result may be easily conceived.

Next morning, bright and early, Michael stood at his little gate once more, awaiting the coming of the doctor, who soon made his appearance, as usual.

"Good morning, Mike; how's the pig?"

"O, be gorrah, doctor! It was mighty oncivil on ye to be a tratin' a neighbor that way, so it was."

"Why what has happened, Michael?" "Happened—is it! I put the powltis on the pig, so I did—an' he squaled bloody murder to be sure; an' the wull came off his back from nape to dock!"

"What!" "An' thin I put the swait baist's feet into the hot wather as ye bid me do, an' be jabers in five minits the hoof's dropped off o' him intirely, too! so they did!"

Poor Michael Fagan! he had spoken truly. Through his ignorance he had blistered off the bristles, and with the hot water he had scalded off the poor grunter's feet. He died under this double dose, and though Michael has never since asked the doctor's advice upon similar matters, he always insists that it was "a mane thrick, so it was!"

A Collector.

"And so you are married, Bridget?" said a lady to her former servant. "And pray what is your husband's business?"

"Business is it marm?"

"Yes. What does he do for a living?"

"Shure he's a collector."

"A collector! Why, Biddy," said madame—whose ideas of a collector were of a handsome judge of her acquaintance, who "ran the Custom House"—"married a collector! you don't say."

"Shure I do, marm, say that same."

"A collector! Why where is his office?"

"All over the city, marm," said Bridget.

"All over the city," replied madame, beginning to wonder what Biddy was driving at; "and how much does he collect?"

"Fifty or sixty pounds, and some days a hundred."

"You mean fifty or sixty dollars, not pounds—dollars, Bridget," said madame, with emphasis.

No, marm, I don't mane dollars, I mane grease!"

"Grease?"

"Shure I do, for Pat is a soap-grease collector."

Quits.

The New York World tell the following of Madame Potesdal, a noted horse-woman and belle of the National Capital.

"On one occasion, it is said, when staying at the Warm Springs, in Virginia, she started out with a riding party for the warm spring Mountain, and dared the gentlemen accompanying her to do what she did. This Mountain is quite high, and has at its summit a rock jutting out over a precipice. To the extreme verge of this rock Miss Randolph rode, to the great consternation of her friends. She did not even leave her horse room to turn round, but, having accomplished her purpose, she backed him from the dangerous position and faced the rest of the party in triumph. Not a man would follow her example, but one youthful piece of inexperience stood on his head in his saddle and dared the lady to do that. Of course she cried "quits."

A correspondent of the American Churchman tells of a Baptist church in Illinois which had hired a Congregational minister to supply them for a year.—When communion day arrived, it was planned that the minister should exchange with a Baptist pastor, but heavy rains prevented. What was to be done? A meeting was held, and concluded to allow their preacher to administer the Lord's Supper, but—he not having been immersed—should not partake with them! Agreed. When the Sunday came he let a small piece of bread fall on the carpet. Picking it up, and holding it between his thumb and finger, he said, "Even the dogs may eat the crumbs which fall from the master's table." And he parroted of the same, much to the surprise of the congregation.

There was many years ago a lazy man's society organized in a certain town in Oxford county, Me. One of the articles required that no man belonging to the society should ever be in a hurry. Should he violate this article he must treat the other members. Now it happened on a time that the village doctor was seen driving post haste through the streets to visit a patient. The members of the society saw him, and chuckled over the idea of a treat, and on his return reminded him of his fast riding, and violation of the rules. "Not at all," said the doctor; "the truth was my horse was determined to go, and I felt too lazy to stop him!" They did not catch him that time.